

Fate Sickness

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Summary: Second chances of this magnitude are few and far between, and often too good to be true. A broken dragon is willing to do anything to reunite with his old friend, and hopes to change the turn of events for the better. He must be careful however, as some changes in the long run can be much worse than the original events that transpired. He will learn of time's fragile nature.

## 1. Prologue

### \*\*Fate Sickness\*\*

It is a night like any other in the Norse village of Berk. Its inhabitants are resting as much as they can. It is deceptively peaceful around the village. The Norse are a hardy people, most often revered for their great proficiency in the art of war, though this particular village has exceptionally skilled carpenters and blacksmiths. They are very quick about their jobs.

The houses are sturdy wooden huts of unremarkable shape. While the village itself has been living in the same spot for somewhere around four hundred years, the very oldest building in the village is only six months old.

You might be asking yourself; how can such an old village have so many new buildings? Some might make the assumption that they have the greatest termite problem the world has ever seen, but sadly for the inhabitants, it is an entirely different kind of pest. A pest much more destructive and largeâ€!

But besides the pest problem that the narrative tactfully avoided elaborating on, there is something much worse going on. All of the inhabitants feel it, the subtle uncomfortable feeling. The anticipation of something is thick in the minds of every person. Children toss and turn in their sleep, adults stay awake, staring at the ceiling of their relatively new homes, weapons close at hand.

That constant feeling everyone felt but refused to speak of started just before nightfall had come, and had only become worse over time. None of them could properly explain it besides the fact that is just felt off. It's as if their home had been inhabited by an entirely new sense of otherworldliness.

Something is terribly wrong.

This was certain in the minds of all of the inhabitants. But one soul felt it more potently than all others.

Within one of the bulkiest homes, on the second floor, there is a boy. Adolescent, no older than fourteen. He is scrawny for his age, and everyone around him seemed bent on reminding him of this. His eyes are a deep forest green, and his hair is auburn. His name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III. This sense of wrongness affects him more than the others to the point where he almost feels ill. He lies awake, staring at the ceiling in anticipation of something. He isn't sure if it is good or bad.

Then a bellowing roar came.

Without a moment's pause, Hiccup leaped from his bed and began to remove his casual sleeping attire. He scrambled around the room, putting on articles of clothing as he found them. Bear fur boots, grey-brown trousers, a large green tunic, brown leather belt and knife holster, and a bear fur vest.

The boy moved fast, as he knew what was coming. Thumping downstairs meant his father was already leaving to help deal with the incoming pest problem.

Oh yes, the pests. Well they still aren't termites. They're a little more on the scaled side.

The Norse village that has been settled here for four hundred years was just unlucky enough to find and settle the singular spot in the world where the horrifying apex predators of the earth seem to reside. Reptilian, flying, fire breathing pests. Not only did the settlers discover these awful beasts, but they settled here anyway, enduring the constant attacks. Why? Perhaps it was to show their strength, or maybe out of spite. The most accurate theory is that they're Vikings. They have some pretty \*\*breathtaking\*\* stubbornness issues.

The arrival of the invaders was already underway, but almost all of the Vikings had woken up already, thankful for the distraction from the strange feeling they all have. Fighting dragons and risking their lives is normal, this feeling is not. They would prefer the familiar.

And so the battle begun outside, Hiccup still rushing around his room looking for his knife. He eventually found it hidden under an assortment of garments. The thing is pitifully tiny, but in good shape and rather sharp. Hiccup sheathed the small weapon, and rushed downstairs. Not paying attention to the rather large amount of noise coming from the very outside of the front door, he opened it.

Several men and women were running past, some with sheep in hand,

some wielding weapons. From the left came a large red dragon, with large horns and intimidating spines all over its body. Its neck is long, it walks on two legs, and its wings are absolutely massive. It was in flight, watching the running men and women before its attention turned to Hiccup, standing in the doorway. When it looked at him, Hiccup jumped and quickly closed the door just before a magma-like substance found purchase on his face. The great amounts of the fiery liquid seeped around the door, setting everything it touched alight.

Hiccup silently thanked the gods for his incredible fortune on that one. A moment sooner and he would be nothing but a charred mess that vaguely resembles a bipedal being.

He opened the door a crack, to see that the dragon had left. Hiccup opened the door and rushed out, before the fire made it impossible. That particular house was two months old.

A person from any other land would call the events transpiring outside chaos, but to the Vikings it wasn't bad. A small raid, it would seem.

Though even with the small raid, most houses seem to be alight, and the entire village is out, about, and screaming their heads off. Not out of fear, of course, as a battle cry. A Viking showing fear, hah. That would be ridiculous.

Hiccup looked around him as various men and women ran past him. Where should he go?

A concussive blast fired from one of the dragons sent a large man flying into the air, and onto Hiccup, much to his surprise. Hiccup wheezed from the massive man landing on him. The man quickly stood off of Hiccup with a slightly dazed look, and noticed he had landed on someone. "Mornin'" He decided to say, before grabbing his discarded axe, and returning to the fray. Hiccup quickly returned to his feet as well, his midsection now a little bit sore.

It was after that did Hiccup decide he was not standing in a very ideal spot. He quickly chose a direction and began running.

He rushed up the incline the majority of his village is set on, and ran upon a wooden platform allowing access to some of the higher areas of the village. He passed several Vikings, all bellowing at him to get back inside as they passed.

"Thank you for the enlightening advice. I'll be sure to heed it the minute my house suddenly decides to become fireproof." Hiccup mumbled to himself as he ran.

Hiccup continued his stride up the hill, when the ground in front of him suddenly became a blazing inferno. Just before he ran straight into what he assumed was a dragon's fire, he was pulled out of the way by a powerful hand.

The owner of the hand is a mountain of a man, even by Viking standards. He stands at a startling seven feet tall, and seemingly every inch of his form is pure muscle. His hair is red, and his braided beard stretches halfway down his torso. His eyes are a deep blue, though seem to be dark green in the current lighting. He wears

a green tunic that goes down to his knees, metal shoulder pads that keep his massive brown bear-fur cape in place, a studded belt with scaled armor dangling underneath, and many studded leather bracers. Most notable of his clothing, however, is his helmet. While the iron helmet itself is rather small at fits snugly on the man's head, the horns protruding from the helmet are massive. The horns are long enough to almost be shoulder length.

"What is he doing out ag- what are you doing out!? Get inside!" The man shouts at Hiccup, holding him by the scruff of his tunic as if he is light as a feather. The man then shoves Hiccup towards the remaining houses that are not on fire.

The massive man's name is Stoick the Vast. He is considered the greatest fighter of the village, and he is chief of the tribe. Despite his brutish appearance, he is a rather wise leader and tactical genius. His expertise in the art of killing is revered by the village. Those who had known him since childhood claim that even when he was a mere child, he had managed to decapitate a fully grown dragon using nothing but his bare hands.

Hiccup gave the encounter no thought as he ran towards the smith. He figured he may as well make himself useful rather than sit in a house and wait to burn.

He sprinted towards the small building, hoping to help the master blacksmith Gobber in whatever he may be doing. That is the duty of an apprentice, isn't it?

Hiccup rushed through the doorway of the smith wordlessly, pulled off his bear fur vest, and rushed to find his apron.

"Oh how nice of yeh to join te party! I thought you'd been carried off!" Gobber said as he ran past him.

Gobber, master blacksmith, expert smart-ass, elite warrior- the titles go on. Gobber had earned the respect of everyone in the village a long time ago. He is a burly man -aren't they all- who stands at a good six foot five. He owns no beard, but a blonde large braided mustache that is almost as long as his gut. His eyes are light blue, and he has a unibrow. His right hand and left leg were amputated by dragons (what else?) long ago. While his missing leg is replaced by a simple peg of wood, his missing hand has interchangeable prosthetics, all of which have oddly specific functions. The one's Hiccup has seen range from an axe, a blacksmith's hammer, a big rock used as a makeshift building aid, a fire poking stick, a hook, small spear specifically for roasting things over fires, and many more. He wears a large bear fur vest (There are a lot of bears here. Did you notice?) a khaki colored laced tunic, laced brown trousers, wrappings on his 'good' hand, and a helmet with vertical horns, unlike Stoick's mostly horizontal horns.

Hiccup put quickly put on his brown apron.

"Wha- who me? Naw, come on. I'm-"

Hiccup lifted a large spiked iron hammer to hang on the wall.

"waaaaay too muscular for that." Hiccup continued as he struggled with the hammer. He then put it in the place where it belongs.

"They wouldn't know what to do with allâ€| this." Hiccup put, making flexing gestures.

Oh, and Hiccup enjoys sarcasm. Could you tell?

"Well they need toothpicks, don't they?" Gobber humorously jibbed, while he changed his prosthetic to tongs to hold a blade that needed reshaping.

A Viking then rushed to one of the windows, dropping several rusty, broken, and bent hammers blades and other such weaponry. Hiccup quickly grabbed all of it at once, and brought it over some burning coals, where he then started to feed the fire with the nearby air pump.

While he worked, Hiccup felt the overarching sense of dread much stronger now that the outside adrenaline rush is over. He feels it, like an incoming tsunami. Something will happen. Something should happen, he knows it. He is anxious, he feels like he must do something. A sudden urge came over Hiccup.

A dragon. The dragons. The feeling comes from them, it must be! He felt this sense as if he knew they were going to attack! Is it the god's calling? The feeling of destiny approaching?

Hiccup suddenly felt very enclosed. He has to get out of the forge to doâ€| something. He has no plan, he just knows he has to get outside.

Hiccup was about to climb out of the smith window, when a pair of tongs that caught the scruff of his tunic halted his progress.

Oh, Gobber.

"And where do ye tink you're goin?"

"Please let me go out. I-I need to do something!" Hiccup pleaded. He then got a sudden wave of wrongfulness, as if the conversation shouldn't be taking place.

"Do what, get roasted? I've got better uses for yeh, Hiccup." Gobber said, before depositing Hiccup back into the smith.

Hiccup was at a loss of what to say. Suddenly his head was empty, without a thought.

"You don't feel that too?" Hiccup said, making eye contact with his mentor.

Gobber faltered for a second, seeming to understand what Hiccup meant. The feeling plagued him too. Maybe there is something wro-

Gobber dismissed the thought. "That feelin is called stupidity, Hiccup. It would b' best if you ignored it."

"Stupidity isn't a- never mind. But you feel it too don't

you!?"

"What? Stupidity? Y' sure it's wise t' be insultin your boss, Hiccup?" Gobber said, giving Hiccup a dangerous look.

"You know what I mean!"

"Ye know what \*\*I\*\* mean; stay inside. Sword. Sharpen. Now." Gobber said as a final word before he thrusted a sword into Hiccup's arms.

Hiccup begrudgingly went to the grindstone to begin his work. Fine then, maybe he can find solace from this horrible feeling by thinking. Thinking always helps, much to the disappointment of the village.

Hiccup decided to avert the attention of his mind to his enemies, and the shapers of the villages lifestyle. The dragons.

Right, dragons, things about dragons. Types of dragons, weaknessesâ€¦

First there was the nadderhead, arguably the most common dragon. Its appearance resembles a giant scaled bird, standing on two legs and two wings. Its size is roughly five times larger than that of Hiccup. It has a large beak-shaped head usually with a horn sticking out the front of it, with protruding teeth about as big as an average knife. Their scale patterns vary most greatly by standards of known dragons, most of the time being blue, but sometimes green or yellow, rarely red. They have long tails, with massive quills running all along it as well as on his back and on his head. nadderheads are unique, because they are the only dragon species capable of flinging quills. It can flick its tail with deadly speed and accuracy towards any target, though a good shield can successfully block the quills with minimal force. Their fire is worth mentioning, as it is considered the hottest of known dragon species. It fires it in small bursts, perhaps to conserve energy. The fire is hot enough to melt steel within seconds, and can disintegrate flesh and bone in the blink of an eye.

Then there is the gronckle, brutish even by dragon standards. These things are simply thick. They are durable enough to need three Vikings to take it down. They are slightly smaller than the Nadder in overall size, but are much, much more armored and stronger. Their scale patterns are usually yellow or red. They stand on four feet unlike the nadder, and have a head bigger than most Vikings. There are dulled spikes on almost every inch of its body, making one of its favorite methods of attack ramming into Vikings, which is almost always fatal to the one in its path. Its wings are tiny but powerful, capable of moving the dragon around like a humming bird, often hovering just out of reach. Its teeth are massive, and strong enough to chew through stone. Gronckle fire is unique, because it relies upon the consumption of stones. The Vikings have a limited understanding of how it's done, but somehow the gronckle is capable of melting down rocks in its stomach at incredible speeds. It then fires the resulting magma, making quite the mess and a bad day for any Viking caught in it.

The strangest of dragon species, is the zippleback. It has two heads, and is almost always green in color. It moves on four legs, has a

tail that splits into two, and a wingspan almost bigger than its body. In relative size, the zippleback is bigger than the nadder. It also has ridges going down its necks and spine, and long vertical horns, two on each head. The zippleback's fire is unique, because one head emits a noxious and flammable gas, and the other ignites it. A viable strategy for the average Viking is to attempt to wet the igniter head, to keep it from igniting its gas.

The most frightening of the known species of dragon, is the monstrous nightmare. It is the largest of known breeds, being a whopping eight times larger than the average Viking. This thing was properly named, as it is the stuff of nightmares. Almost every part of its body is specialized in killing. It stands on two legs and two foreclaws that act as his wings as well. Its claws are massive and razor sharp, its wings have massive spines capable of impaling a human being, it has four curled horns on its head, and spines going down its neck, back and tail. Its face and jaw is startlingly long, with especially long teeth. Its fire is a liquid runny and hot substance, capable of spreading fire very quickly. It also is capable of setting itself on fire as either a defensive or intimidation tactic.

There is, ah, one other species of dragon that attacks this island. It appears to not be here this night, but the thought of it makes Hiccup shiver. It's as if the dragon he thinks of is the very reason he is feeling this anxiousness. The dragon is called the night fury. There would be a physical description, if anyone had ever seen one before. Said to be the offspring of lightning and death itself, the night fury has by far the largest body count. It only attacks at night, and stays shrouded high above the village, unseen. It attacks by firing heavily concussive blasts of fire so hot that its lavender. It is surgical, precise, and efficient. The night fury has never missed its intended target. If you are its intended target, not even Odin could help you. You can hide behind your shield, your house, other people, it doesn't matter.

Hiccup abruptly stopped sharpening the sword as he finished that thought. The night fury, it's supposed to be here. This feeling intensifies at the thought of a night fury, or rather, the absence of one. Hiccup occasionally thought he heard a night fury, but no one else reacted. Is he going mad?

The answer lies with the night fury. His heart leapt at the thought.

Night fury, night fury, what about a night fury. The absence of such? The coming of such?

Hiccup's eyes suddenly felt very tired, and he looked to the corner of the smith. It's as if the only thing that existed is the object lying in the corner. Something he had been working on for a very long timeâ€œ!

He called it the bola-ballista.

Now, it looks like a barrel on two wheels and handles. However, it opens up. Hiccup designed it to close safely to avoid breaking it when he is not working on it. It works well.

When the ballista is open, it is very similar to that of any other ballista, though the launching mechanism differs greatly, modified to

fire bolas. The overall look is that of a sideways ballista.

Hiccup feels it's time to test its' range and accuracy.

Yes, that's a viable reason to go out. Doesn't mean he'll be let out-

"Man the fort Hiccup, they need me out there!" Gobber said, breaking Hiccup from his thoughts. He shifted his gaze to Gobber, changing his prosthetic from tongs to a large battleaxe.

He stopped briefly in the doorway, and turned to Hiccup.

"Stay. Put. There." Gobber said, pointing in the smith.

Hiccup glanced at his feet, and back to Gobber as if to say 'this exact spot?'

"Ye know what I mean." Gobber said, sensing the incoming jibe of literalism.

With that, Gobber limped off raising his weapon and firing off a war cry.

Hiccup glanced around out of the smith, noticing things were looking pretty good in comparison to most nights. He figured Gobber was just fishing for reasons to join the fight. Hiccup's eyes were brought to the ballista.

As was heâ€|

An invisible force seemed to move him, and he ran to grab the ballista. He grabbed the handles, and wheeled it out of the shop as fast as he could with frantic desperation he didn't quite understand himself.

So he ran, with determination and fear in his heart. The unknown feeling was getting more intense, and it almost felt as if there was a theoretical blade on the surface of his skin waiting to be pushed in. He quickened his pace, his legs moving faster and faster towards his destination. Where was he going? He followed his gut, he almost felt as if he had no say in the matter.

He ran to the outskirts of the village, where he found a small rise on a hill. He felt right to drop the ballista there, opening and preparing it to fire. His heart beating fast and hard, he needed this. Whatever it was, he needed it. It's as if his life depends on it!

Suddenly, there was a very, very unwelcome silence. Hiccup felt as if he had gone deaf, if it weren't for the constant beating in his ears because of his heart rate. He scanned the sky, knowing what he was looking for. A night fury, a night fury should be there.

The feeling intensified tenfold, and it felt as if that theoretical blade had begun to slowly push its way into him. His eyes went wide, his hands shook, and he desperately looked for something, anything to shoot at. His teeth clenched hard enough to hurt, his knees felt weak, and a minor headache was coming. Suddenly there was nothing but him, the ballista, and the sky.

"Give me something to shoot at!" He pleaded.

"Give me something to shoot at!" He begged.

"Odin damn it all to Helheim, give me something to shoot at!" He demanded.

But nothing was there. He felt a ringing in his ears, he felt his eyes hurt.

The feeling was getting worse, and worse, and worse with no relief. When suddenly, a crescendo came.

Hiccup clutched his head, as the ringing became louder, and the worst headache he has ever had wracked him. His eyes hurt to the point where he felt as if there are daggers in his sockets. He clutched his head, moaning loudly as the immense pain seared in his head.

Then, there was nothing.

All of the feelings went away, as if they were never there. Hiccup's hands fell to his sides, as he examined his surroundings.

What happened?

Nothing happened. That's the problem.

Hiccup now had a terrible sense of emptiness, and he somewhat missed the feeling he had before. It was almost as if something had been ripped out of him. Everything was normal again, yet it wasn't. He noticed a drip of blood came from his nose!

Before he had time to investigate, a very large scaled head came over the ridge of which his ballista is stationed on.

A monstrous nightmare!

Hiccup reacted without thinking, and fired the loaded bola straight at the creature's head. The force of the launch sent Hiccup flying from the ballista- and good thing too. The bola wrapped around the dragon's neck, with both iron balls slamming into the sides of its head. This disoriented it, and it shot its fire forward, setting the ballista and the ground Hiccup just stood on alight. The dragon's head snapped forward with intent to kill, and Hiccup leapt back. Panicking, Hiccup withdrew his knife in his left hand and thrusted it forward without looking.

A fleshy tear was heard after.

Hiccup withdrew his knife and stumbled backwards as the dragon screeched in fear and pain. Hiccup caught a glance at his knife, and saw that it was now coated in red. Hiccup looked at the dragon as it used one of its wings to cover its face. When its head snapped out from under its wing, and quickly snapped back within the safe confines did Hiccup see the damage he had done.

He had stabbed its right eye.

The beast continued to backpedal from Hiccup. Hiccup, with a newfound

sense of pride and courage, waved his knife threateningly while walking slowly towards the dragon. The dragon in response backpedaled faster giving a pitiful roar. Hiccup smirked, this time running forward giving his best battle cry with his knife in the air.

The dragon screeched, before retreating into the air with the bolas still dangling from its neck. When he was certain the dragon was out of sight, Hiccup sighed, and relaxed a little.

"Before an overwhelming sense of accomplishment filled him.

"Yes! Did anybody see that!?" He shouted, his arms in the air jumping excitedly. He wounded and scared off a dragon! A monstrous nightmare no less! Sure, it's not dead but this is a major victory for Hiccup.

Hiccup turned around to see he is completely alone.

"Of course no one saw that." Hiccup sighed, but he quickly discarded the disappointment. It doesn't matter if anyone saw that, that is major progress! It won't be long now before he kills his first dragon!

He shifted his gaze towards the disintegrated ballista.

Well, obviously he'll just have to come up with different methods of killing dragons. Stabbing seems to work quite nicely. Hiccup is far too ecstatic to care about the ballista, no matter how long he worked on it. He has the designs, he can make that again. This moment though, lasts forever.

Hiccup off handedly noticed there is still blood coming from his nose. He was suddenly reminded of why he came out here.

Was that fate calling him? To wound that dragon? Why were night furies on his mind then? Why did that awful pain happen, and why is his nose bleeding?

"and why does he have the unnerving feeling of being watched?

\* \* \*

><p>The chaos in the village is receding, with seemingly minimal casualties on the humans end.</p>

A silhouette of a beast lies upon a distant column past the shores, the only thing visible is two large green eyes. The eyes were keen, focused on a single target. The eyes were filled with longing.

The silhouette of a man appeared behind the beast, unidentifiable in the shroud of darkness. The gaze of the beast shifted to regard the man.

"What are you doing here? If memory serves, you were shot down this night." The man said, his voice young.

\_I-I couldn't.\_

"What? You didn't-" The silhouette clutched his forehead in a fit of frustration.

"Do you have any idea what you may have just changed!?" The man shouted. The beast did not react.

When no response came, the silhouette continued.

"Why did you do that, with knowledge of events to come? You knew it would be fixed!"

\_It was not for me. He was soâ€¢ guilty.\_

"You prevented this to help solve his guilt issue? You have seen his memories; you know what led up to your meeting. Tell me, how will you get to him if he does not seek you out first?" The silhouette paced back and forward, though no footsteps are heard.

\_I will find a way. Circumstances may be different, but he is still the same.\_

"You may have just changed him." The silhouette groaned. He mumbled something about how this will be the last time he ever has sympathy for someone.

The silhouette composed himself, and turned to the beast.

"I will travel to Berk, to ensure you have not caused any harm. But you" the silhouette pointed at the beast for emphasis "had better fix this. There's no telling how many lives could be lost at the slightest mistake."

The beast nodded. \_I understand.\_

"No, I don't think you do. Meddling with time is like walking on very thin ice; one wrong step and it shatters, leaving you to the depths. It may not be possible to resurface from a mistake like this."

\_Could you not just-\_

"No, don't even think about it. This is a onetime thing. No trial and error. Any changes you make are permanent. Now fix this, while I observe the damage done."

With that, the silhouette disappeared. The beast turned its gaze back upon the village. Its mind reeled with all of the memories given to him long ago, village layouts and mannerisms of the humans. All of this old information was suddenly renewed. It dawned on the beast that it may be the only one of its kind to truly understand humans, to the point of understanding their language.

Longing plagued the beast, and it took massive amounts of self control not to just fly down and swipe the object of its desire. It had been so longâ€¢!

\_I missed you.\_

The beast was filled with happiness and anxiousness as it looked upon its target, seeing the little human so clearly and with detail despite the distance. The scrawny human, so eager to please those around him, despite their constant hatred and neglect of him.

\_I missed you a lot.\_

That didn't do it justice. The beast was lost, without purpose. The event that was burned into its mind has plagued the creature for so long.

\_No mistakes this time.\_

They had just discovered something new, something extraordinary. The knowledge and memories were supposed to be the precursor for something greater.

\_I was given a second chance.\_

It was such a normal day, despicably average. Nothing should have gone wrong. It was so suddenâ€!

\_I won't fail you this time.\_

The days, weeks, months, and years spent alone with sorrow and regret. Thoughts of self harm had surfaced, but were beat down in honor of the fallen. It isn't what he would've wanted.

\_Things will be different.\_

The beast patiently waited as the sun rose. It watched the scrawny human he knew as Hiccup wander back through his village, perhaps to his house.

\_But we will be the same. No matter what happens.\_

The beast was excited. Thoughts of their previous memories being revisited warmed its heart to no end. A happiness it had not felt in a long time consumed it. It almost seemed too good to be true, and yet it was true.

\_We will soar into the horizon together.\_

It will happen as it should have. No regrets or pain. No misunderstandings or lack of trust.

\_Forevermore.\_

But as optimistic as the beast was, even it knew things often don't go as planned.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Author's Note<strong>

\*\*First of all, this fiction will assume the only thing that had happened in-universe is the events that transpired within the first film and nothing else. So if at any point during the reading of this you go "Hey that isn't right, such and such was in the Book of Dragons" you now know why. This is partly because it gives me more creative freedom, but mostly because all of those little spin offs show tell-tale signs of DreamWorks attempting to wring as many pennies out of the franchise as possible. These are just my feelings of course, but I feel as if the movie was beautiful on its own, and

doesn't need some stickers added onto it to make a mess of thingsâ€| says the FanFiction writer currently making a mess of things. But at least it isn't cannon, and can be disregarded at will.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, I'm writing this because I really wanted to see the tables turned in terms of Hiccup gaining Toothless's trust. Now Toothless is going to have to gain Hiccup's trust, before it is too late. I write this because I have yet to see any stories that really explore this, so I decided to take matters into my own hands because of my own breathtakingly selfish and impulsive needs. However if there is a story that explores this that I apparently missed, please feel free to link me to it in the reviews.\*\*

\*\*Oh, and any reviews are welcome. Criticism is appreciated.\*\*

## 2. Disbelief

\*\*One year, eleven months and twelve days after the battle of the Red Death\*\*

Night, darkness, evening, sundown, eventide, all of these words mean the same thing in the human language of Norse. The time of which everything is shrouded in darkness, the sun hiding and leaving the world out of its watchful gaze. Once upon a time, the night fury would sleep and hide within daylight, and thrive within the comforting shroud of darkness. Naturally, any nocturnal creature should feel vulnerable without the welcome darkness protecting them.

Maybe other night furies, if there are any other night furies, still do thrive in the night. This particular night fury however, does not.

A creature sits silently in the shroud of darkness, watching as the human village below it prepares for sleeping time.

The creature is roughly four times the size of an average human, and weighs about 25 vÃ¶tts. The first thing you would notice is that it is covered in jet black scales, all tightly woven nigh-impenetrable ovals that protect against damage very efficientlyâ€| unless they're scraped off first to reveal delicate skin of the same jet black color. Its wingspan is massive even when compared to its own body, measuring in length at about 62 palms when fully extended. It walks upon four legs, each paw equipped with rock-hard grippers with razor sharp tips. Its green-yellow eyes that take up most of the creature's face are heavily light reflective, often appearing to glow when a small light source is nearby. The black pupils dilate from slits to orbs depending on the creature's level of aggression, as well as focus. Its head is mostly flat and oval shaped like that of a salamander, with small ridges rising from the middle of its head and progressively getting larger as it stretches across its back and down its tail. It has eight plates on its head, four on each side, and two large ones that most assume are its ears. Its mouth is large, with a massive forked tongue and gums with retractable razor sharp teeth. Its tail is about 41 palms in length, and has a second set of wings at the base of it, and a single tailfin and the tip. There is supposed to be another, however it was amputated long ago.

The creature is a male night fury, though he would insist upon being

called his name, of which only recently he had discovered the significance of. Its name in Norse is TannlÃs, which roughly translates to "without teeth" or Toothless. He was named for his peculiar anatomy, more specifically his ability to retract his teeth at will. It was one of the first words his human had uttered upon their true meeting.

Toothless had only recently known his name's meaning, the fact that he even has a name and what a name is about three "weeks" ago. A name, as he had discovered, is means of identification invented by creatures that trade voices and writing. As a creature that had originally not known of language or of the trading of voices, this concept was entirely alien to him. But as he had come to find more and more about his human, the more he liked the idea of trading voices, and he now even thinks in the language of the Norse.

How would a creature such as Toothless obtain this information? Well, it had started roughly two years ago when Toothless had met a human. Before meeting the human, he was serving under the will of the deceiver, or the Red Death as the humans later dubbed it. During one of the attacks upon the village Toothless was now standing within, he was tasked with destroying important human structures from afar. Despite the shroud of darkness and the lightning fast speed he was travelling in, he was still shot down by what the humans refer to as a bola.

The thrower of the bola had come later to claim its kill, but had spared Toothless at the last minute, freeing him. The human kept coming back to Toothless, and progressively grew their friendship. The human's name was Hikke, or Hiccup.

Toothless had his left tailfin amputated upon his crash landing after getting shot down. Hiccup had found a way to replace the amputated tailfin, and return him to the skies.

Toothless enjoyed reminiscing about their first weeks together. He felt a pang of guilt from his original mistrust of the boy, but his heart was warmed every time he thought back at how persistent Hiccup was with gaining his trust. What baffled Toothless the most about their unlikely friendship is how fast Hiccup had trusted him. Some would call it foolish naivety, but Toothless believes it is simply because he is more intuitive than the average creature.

Several rather regrettable events transpired after the sire of Hiccup (whom Toothless only recently found out is in a position of power over the other humans) had returned. Toothless was captured after saving Hiccup from a pit fight with a "monstrous nightmare" as the humans called them. He then led the humans to the massive deceiver herself. She was considered an unnatural beast because of her ability to use the wondrousness of thought trading against the dragons. She is capable of subtly commanding others, and they will carry out the orders certain that they were the one who came up with the idea.

Interestingly, Hiccup had managed to charm the dragons that lie within the "kill ring" into transporting him and his peers to the battle to help. One thing led to another and Toothless and Hiccup were reunited. They had defeated the Red Death, though at the cost of Hiccup's left leg. Toothless tried to console himself that the loss of the leg could not be avoided, but he couldn't help but think it was

because he was too slow to protect him.

With the Red Death destroyed, the dragons now no longer had a reason to attack the humans. Sure enough, the humans had allied with the dragons and had integrated them accordingly, though many of the humans were unhappy. It did not matter though, they were at peace and the people of the human village for once had nothing to worry about aside from winter.

Almost two years have passed since then, and the accumulated knowledge Toothless has obtained comes from the previous three weeks.

At first it was subtle, but noticeable. Toothless suddenly understood human words, though only after Hiccup had spoken them. As it turned out, Hiccup was accidentally thought trading the meaning behind his speech, and as he continued to speak around Toothless, the more words the dragon had come to understand. The same thing did not seem to happen to the other dragons, however.

Then came the memory sharing, which once again Hiccup is unaware of. He usually does it in his sleep, silently sharing his memories and thoughts, as well as knowledge, human culture, terminology and what not. Toothless was confused yet delighted at the sudden new understanding of his smaller counterpart.

Earlier this day, however, Hiccup had begun to fully thought trade. Whenever he had a particularly volatile thought or strong feeling, he broadcasted it to Toothless. The dragon recognized a pattern, and hoped that soon the human would be able to truly thought trade with Toothless.

It was exciting, but another day was ending. Toothless shuffled in his spot upon a small hill overlooking the village.

Toothless was happy to see a small figure with a prosthetic left foot start making his way up the village incline towards him. He was having trouble with his prosthetic getting up inclines such as this, but Toothless learned he would prefer to do it himself. Stubborn humans.

Of course, Toothless had no quarrels if Hiccup does not hurt himself.

Hiccup had finally made it up the incline, and sat next to Toothless lazily looking to the sky. Toothless followed his gaze; seeing he was looking at a constellation the humans had named "Aurvandill's Toe." Toothless did not understand; it looked like a series of glowing white dots, not any form of toe. Human imaginations Toothless will never understand.

Hiccup sighed.

"You know, it's been a while since we had been flying in the dark." Hiccup said, not breaking his gaze of the stars.

Toothless momentarily recapped, and found that the last time they flew while it was nightfall was about a year ago.

"Always too busy in the mornings to go and stay up. Apprenticeship,

chief training, Astrid, general dragon based dutiesâ€|" Hiccup droned on. It was true, Hiccup is very busy, yet he still finds time to fly with Toothless at least twice a day.

Hiccup let loose another sigh.

"Maybe it's been too long since we've just winged it." Hiccup chuckled. "No pun intended." He added.

Toothless noted the new word and its meaning. "Pun." Interesting, humans have already made jokes about their strange means of communication. However Toothless understood Hiccup's distress. He felt as if his life is too planned and nothing exciting or surprising happens anymore, much to most of the village warriors' dismay. They grow restless, and are probably going to start a war with some other human village just to sate the boredom and validate their skills in the art of war. Toothless sometimes wonders if all humans are soâ€| violent and warmongering.

Well, all humans except Hiccup.

"What do you say to a quick evening flight?" Hiccup asked, knowing that Toothless would not be able to answer, but will agree anyway.

Toothless crooned in reply, and Hiccup stood up and walked off to get the flying harness.

He soon returned with the flying harness and saddle underneath his left arm. Toothless had gone through the routine of putting on the harness hundreds of times, and knows exactly when to move his legs. The two had practiced this so often, that they are now capable of equipping and removing the harness in a matter minutes. Toothless idly noticed that parts of the leather around his legs feel a bit rough on his scales, and a bit thin, but he ignored it. If it was a problem, Hiccup would have noticed before and have caused them ailment before. His scales are more than durable enough to ignore the scratching.

Hiccup mounted upon Toothless's back, and patted him on the neck. The two took off into the darkness of the sky.

It had indeed been too long since an evening flight. Toothless felt exhilarated despite the rather average speed they were going at the moment. The safe feeling of darkness shrouding him, the reassuring feeling of his human riding upon his shoulders, it was magical. The cool air beneath his wings felt like still water. The wind upon his face felt like cooled silk, gently brushing past every part of his body. The feeling of endlessness sealed his enjoyment. The true feeling of freedom, understanding that you can go in any direction without bounds or rules was intoxicating.

Hiccup was having a good time as well, silently awed by the beauty of the night sky, and the sight of his village illuminated by moonlight alone. While Hiccup may fly every day now, Toothless knew he would never take it for granted. Humans are naturally confined to the ground, and thus sights like this, while common within the area, were rare everywhere else.

Hiccup was softly laughing, and he accidentally traded his current

thought.

\_Incredible!\_ is all Hiccup thought as they flew into the sky endlessly together.

\_Indeed.\_ Toothless thought traded as well, knowing the human could not pick it up.

Hiccup flinched, before looking around him with a look of surprise.

"Is anyone else up here!? Who was that!?" He shouted, look around still.

Toothless perked in sudden excitement.

\_Hiccup!? Hiccup can you understand me?\_ Toothless tried, but Hiccup did not react.

"Huh, strange. I thought I heard someone speak." Hiccup mumbled.

\_Was it me? Hiccup can you understand?\_ Toothless tried again, but Hiccup would not react still.

Toothless exhaled, dejected but still excited. Whatever change is happening, it's close! Soon he will understand Toothless, and they can communicate!

The two flew over the island silently, now over the expansive forest that covers the majority of the land. The wind seemed to pick up a little, but it was nothing to worry about.

It was about time they lande-

\*\*Snap!\*\*

Toothless suddenly felt one of the leather straps on the metallic ring around his right front leg come lose. What the-

\*\*Snap!\*\*

"Huh?" Toothless heard from Hiccup, as a leather strap on his left front leg suddenly became loose as well. The saddle was still strapped to his chest, but the very front of it was leaning back dangerously.

"Whoa, we need to land." Hiccup quickly stated, as Toothless changed course towards the ground. This was a mistake.

\*\*Snap! Snap!\*\*

Somehow, two leather straps on Toothless's chest and stomach snapped from the stress. This had never happened before, why was this-

Toothless was broken out of his thoughts when he heard a surprised yelp from his human. He found that the saddle was slowly being lifted off of his back by the wind, and the only thing attaching him to the

saddle is the leather straps on his back legs.

The saddle was now rising off of his back, and Hiccup was with it. His prosthetic foot was raised out of the pedal, and he held onto the saddle for dear life.

Toothless panicked.

Toothless tried to stay the course, but now his prosthetic tailfin was flopping uselessly in the wind, sending him off balance. This caused Hiccup to lose his grip of the saddle, and now the only thing keeping him attached to Toothless is the safety harness.

Toothless flips around to grab Hiccup and cushion him from the fall, to see that the safety harness was badly chewed, and Hiccup had not noticed because of the darkness.

All of the leather straps were chewed.

The tension of the harness was at its peak, and a single tiny strip of leather is holding Hiccup to Toothless.

\*\*Snap!\*\*

Noâ€!

The sudden release of tension sent Hiccup flying away from Toothless, just out of reach. Toothless flapped his wings desperately to get to the boy as the ground rapidly approached.

Toothless is almost there, he just needs to-

Hiccup releases a surprised gasp.

Then a tree canopy is all Toothless can see.

If there was pain, he could not feel it. Toothless's eyes widen horror evident in them.

\_Hiccup!\_

Toothless scrambles to his feet, the remains of the harness still flopping on top of him.

He regains his feeling.

First thing he feels is a warm liquid speckled upon his head.

He turns around; he sees blood on the dirt.

\_No.\_

He sees a small human hand, slightly twisted at the joint.

\_No.\_

He sees the entire left arm, twisted and deformed. A bone juts out of the upper part.

\_T-that's survivable.\_

He sees a bent prosthetic foot, detached and alone in the nearby dirt.

He sees the broken body, twisted and turned into strange directions. The small speckles of blood upon the clothing.

\_I-I-It's not-\_

Finally, his eyes meet Hiccups. The once bright green happy eyes, now suddenly dull and lifeless, seemingly frozen in a state of surprise. The mouth is slightly open. Blood runs from the noseâ€!

Toothless is visibly shaking.

He nudges Hiccup.

\_It isn't true.\_

He nudges him again, and again, and again.

The dragon no longer thinks, only feels.

The denial overwhelming, he simply stared. He stared, incapable of comprehending the current events.

He stood there for minutes, listening closely for a heartbeat that never came. A breath, a gasp, anything.

Nothing.

There was nothing.

It hit Toothless full force at that moment.

It started as a low moan that he did not even notice was coming from him. He did not notice anything, nothing mattered. There was only he, and Hiccup. Disturbingly still, lifeless, broken-

The moan increased in volume. Toothless's body shook uncontrollably, his eyes as wide as they have ever been, refusing to blink.

The moan was audible from a distance now. Toothless inched closer to Hiccup. He was close, but he could not touch him.

The moan increased.

It became louder, and louder.

Soon enough it was an uninterrupted roar.

Then it was a screech.

The loudest screech he had ever made.

Wildlife all across the island woke up and fled in fear of the massive noise. The humans within the village awoke with a start, covering their ears. The screech went unheard by no one on the island. The anguish and agony flowed through the screech, Toothless attempting to expel it in any way he can. He screeched and screeched

and screeched, yet it never stopped. The pain didn't stop.

He kept screeching until he was out of breath. Then all there was is pained gasps and moans. His legs weak, he fell to the floor in front of Hiccup, still shaking.

There was still disbelief.

It can't be real.

It could never be real.

Toothless outright refuses it to be real.

But it is.

And it will be forever.

No fix.

No relief.

No companionship.

No light hearted giggles and dry humor.

No heartwarming concern.

No more good-intentioned contraptions.

No moreâ€¦ anything.

There is nothing.

Hiccup was everything to him.

No more Hiccup.

There is nothingâ€¦

Thereâ€¦ isâ€¦ nothingâ€¦

Hiccup is dead.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>One month and two days before the battle of the Red Death<strong>

Toothless silently watched as Hiccup made his way up through the village. The sun is beginning to rise, but Toothless is not afraid of being seen. He is too far away for the human eye to catch.

Toothless watched the battle that transpired before the rising of the sun. He visibly cringed and ached to swoop in to save Hiccup whenever he was remotely close to another dragon. But he held down his temptation. He knew Hiccup would survive.

If dragons could cry, Toothless would be doing so at this moment-tears of happiness that is. It had been so long ago, yet it was still

so fresh in his mind. The sudden and brutal ending to what was supposed to be a never ending story.

Toothless would make it better this time.

This time, he knows Hiccup. This time, he understands him, and his people. This time, there is no guilt or mistrust that will exist between the two.

In the first time in what seems like an eternity, Toothless is happy.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Well that was pretty sudden and f\*cking depressing, wasn't it?<strong>

\*\*I wanted a chapter to explain a few things about how I interpret dragons, and because I'm masochistic, I also decided to emotionally drain myself. Also, I rewrote this chapter three times, each time it was completely different. This one felt the best to me, mostly because one of them had Toothless speaking in hindsight, and the other had him flying in a snow storm for some stupid reason. Lucky I became wise before I blew a hole in my story big enough to fly a passenger airline through.\*\*

\*\*This chapter is unusually short simply because I felt that having that depressing bit and then continuing on to something completely different would kind of ruin it. Well, the chapter can't really be unusually short if it's the second one, but I guess what I'm saying is that future chapters will be longer.\*\*

\*\*Also, I will occasionally jump back to the events before Toothless found himself with this second chance to see how he came about such a thing.\*\*

\*\*Oh, and as for the units of measurement in the beginningâ€|\*\*

\*\*A vÃ|tt is roughly 80 pounds, meaning that 25 vÃ|tts is about one short ton.\*\*

\*\*A palm, as the name may suggest, is the measurement of one's palm. The average back then was 3.5 inches.\*\*

\*\*Viking measurements! Look at me using Google and a TI-84 like a pro! I'm making ya proud, ma!\*\*

End  
file.